# The Mirror

OF

## LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 5.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1844. [Vol. 2, 1844.


# THE WANDERING JEW.

DAGOBERT AND THE BURGOMASTER.

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

*Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguérite," &c.*

PART I.—THE WHITE FALCON INN.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE JUDGMENT.

The worthy burgomaster of Mockern, robed in his official garments, was seated on a form, and Dagobert, his cap in hand, stood before him, trying to read in the countenance of the magistrate the extent of justice which would be dealt out to his cause, or rather that of the orphans.

"What have you to say to justify yourself?" demanded the judge, in an angry tone.

"Nothing, your worship,—it is I who have cause for complaint—I am not in fault."

"The prophet says otherwise."

"The prophet!" retorted Dagobert, with an air of contempt.

"The prophet is an honest and pious man, and incapable of telling a falsehood."

"As to that, your worship, I can say little; but you are too just, and have too good a heart, to condemn me without hearing my defence." Dagobert paused a moment, then added, softening his voice as much as possible, "A gentleman like you could not be guilty of such injustice. You would not turn a deaf ear to the appeals of reason."

"The ear has nothing to do with it. Have I not seen, with my own eyes, the lacerated hand of the prophet?"

"That may be, your worship; but if the prophet had shut the door of his menagerie, the accident would not have happened."

"Not at all; it is your fault; you ought to have fastened your horse to his manger."

"You are aware, your worship, that it is not meet that a poor fellow like me should

contradict you; nevertheless, if some one, from mischief, had unfastened my horse, and led it into the menagerie, you will admit that the blame could not rest with me."

"But who, in the name of wonder; who, I ask you, would be guilty of such an act."

"I do not know, your worship."

"You do not know! I dare say not." Then the burgomaster added, with impatience, "But what's the use of troubling me with foolish suspicions about a worthless horse."

The countenance of the soldier changed, and he said, in a grave and firm voice, "My horse is dead! It is true that it will no longer bear those who are dear to me. It is now only a carcase—food for dogs. It was not, your worship, worth your while to tell me of this in that harsh manner; for I loved my horse—yes, I did love my old companion, Jovial."

These words moved the burgomaster, who said, in a milder tone, "Yes, I understand; you regret the loss of your horse; but what can I do. It is certainly a misfortune."

"A misfortune! yes, your worship, it is a sad, sad misfortune. The young girls that accompany me are not strong enough to walk far on foot, and are too poor to hire a coach; still we must be in Paris before the month of February. I promised their mother, on her dying bed, that I would take them to France, but now that my horse has been killed, what am I to do? I am sure you are a good man; and perhaps you are a father. Well, if your children should one day be like my poor orphans—having, for wealth, for every earthly resource, an old soldier who loves them, and an old horse that bore them; if, after having spent a childhood of misery, their happiness was to begin at the termination of a long voyage, and that the death of the horse, rendered it impossible for them to complete their journey, would you not, like me, consider the loss of that horse irreparable?"

"Certainly. I now understand the importance that you attach to the death of your horse. I am interested in these orphans. How old are they?"

"Fifteen years and two months. They are twins, your worship."

"Just about the age of my Frederique."

"You have a daughter of that age," said Dagobert, with joy in his countenance. "To tell you frankly, I am no longer uneasy about my poor orphans; you will see justice done to them."

"Justice. It is my duty to do so. After all, I think the prophet and you are about equal in this affair. On one hand you did not fasten your horse properly, and, on the other, the prophet left the door of his menagerie open. This one says, 'I have had my hand lacerated:' that one, 'My horse has been killed;' the loss of which, owing to circumstances, is irreparable. Your cause is good; still the prophet, just and holy man though he be, had arranged the matter otherwise. Indeed, I admit that I came here with the intention—"

"With the intention," interrupted Dagobert, with a smile, "of finding me guilty. The reason was, that you were not out of your sleep—you had only one eye open."

"Well, that might be the case," added the judge, in good humour, "for I did not conceal my intention from the prophet, who said, with apparent generosity, 'Since you are going to condemn my adversary, I will not blacken his case by telling you certain things—'"

"Against me?"

"Yes; but like a generous enemy, he held his tongue, when I told him that I would force you to indemnify him for the injury he had sustained."

"You see, your worship, that the most just are sometimes deceived. But the prophet will find that, for once in his life, he has been mistaken."

"You are right. The prophet's prediction will be found wanting. The damage is almost equal on both sides—you have lost your horse, and the prophet has had his hand lacerated."

"But how much will you force him to pay me?" demanded the soldier, with *naiveté*.

"How much!"

"Yes, your worship; what sum shall he pay me?"

"What sum!"

"Yes; but before fixing it, I must tell you one thing—I think I need not make use of the whole of the money in buying a horse. Near Leipsic I may find a stout little ass, and—"

"What sum, and what horse, and what ass are you speaking about?" interrupted the magistrate, in anger, "I tell you that you owe the prophet nothing; and that he owes you as little,"

Dagobert looked at the burgomaster in anguish. This decree again destroyed the hopes of the soldier; who said, with a changed voice:—

"You are too just, your worship, not to take into consideration that the prophet's wound does not prevent him from continuing his affairs, while the loss of my horse prevents me from continuing my journey. He must indemnify me for my loss."

The judge thinking that by exculpating Dagobert, he had rendered him a great service, seemed irritated at the request of the soldier. "Instead of thanking me you ask more. Enough! enough! Where are your papers?"

"O! your worship, pray have pity on

those two children. Arrange it so that we may continue our voyage."

"I have done all that I can do—indeed, more than I ought to have done. Once more, your papers."

"First, let me explain—"

"Away with your explanations. Would you have me to arrest you for a vagabond?"

At these words, Dagobert became pale, he tried to conceal his anguish, and to assume an air of confidence, to render him more favourable in the eyes of his judge. Two unlooked-for, powerful auxilliaries came to the succour of the soldier. The orphans becoming still more uneasy, and hearing Dagobert speaking on the staircase, rose and dressed themselves; and just as the magistrate was saying with a harsh voice, "Your papers, your papers!" Rose and Blanche, holding each other by the hand, appeared.

At the sight of these two lovely young creatures, whose black dresses rendered them still more interesting, the burgomaster stood lost in surprise and admiration. Dagobert took the orphans by the hand—"Behold them," he said, "behold these poor little things, your worship:—can I show you a more genuine passport?"

"Poor dear children; orphans at so early an age. Have they travelled far?"

"From the heart of Siberia, where their mother was exiled before their birth. It is now more than five months since we began our journey. Is it not a hard fate for children of such tender years!—it is for them that I ask your favour and assistance. Just now, when looking in my bag for my portfolio, in which were my purse and papers, I could not find it—this loss caused me to insist so strongly on indemnification."

"How and when did you meet with this loss?"

"I am sure I had the portfolio yesterday evening.

"Where did you leave your bag?"

"In the room with the young girls—But that night—"

Dagobert was interrupted by footsteps. It was the prophet, who had overheard the whole of the conversation. He was afraid lest the kindness of the burgomaster might spoil the plans which he already looked upon as completed.

---

### CHAPTER XIV.—THE DECISION.

Rose and Blanche, on perceiving Morok, started back in fright, and drew closer to the old soldier, whose countenance plainly showed the animosity which he bore Morok—the originator of his sad embarrassments. He was ignorant, however, that Goliah, at the instigation of the prophet, had stolen the portfolio and the papers.

"What do you want here?" demanded the burgomaster. "I gave orders to the innkeeper to admit no one."

"If it had not been to render you a service, I would not have disturbed you. I repent allowing myself to be led away by false pity."

"Well, then, what have you to say?"

Morok approached the burgomaster, and whispered in his ear. The magistrate appeared astonished, and from time to time exclaimed, "Indeed! can it be possible!" casting, at the same time, a scrutinising glance at Dagobert and the orphans. It was observable that the words of the prophet were progressively effecting a change in the magistrate.

"The devil!" he said, starting up, "I never thought of that! You have certainly rendered me a great service. Like a bird I was about to be caught in a trap, What have I been thinking of? Still you must admit that we are sometimes influenced by appearances. What say you, my dear Morok."

While this mysterious conversation was going on, Dagobert plainly foresaw that a storm was about to break out, and he resolved at all events to master his temper. Morok, in looking at the orphans, again approached the judge, and whispered in his ear.

"Ah!" cried the burgomaster, with indignation, "you are going too far."

"I avouch nothing," Morok hastily uttered; and again he began to whisper in the ears of the judge.

"Well, it might be so," said the burgomaster; "these people are capable of anything. He says he came with the girls from the heart of Siberia. This may be an impudent falsehood."

"Do not be too hasty in giving your judgment," Morok said. "May the Lord forgive me if I am wrong. The truth will soon be known, and in a month or two they will be liberated, if they are innocent."

Dagobert saw plainly that his efforts to reconcile the judge were completely baffled by the interference of the prophet, and losing patience, he walked up to the latter, and said, in a gruff voice:—

"It is about me you are whispering to the magistrate?"

"Yes," Morok said, in returning his fixed look.

"Why do you not speak aloud?"

"Because the things are such that it would make us blush to do so."

Dagobert's arms were crossed on his breast. With a rapid movement he closed both his hands, and looking at the burgomaster, he said, his teeth gnashing with rage, "Your worship, make that man leave, or I will not answer for what I'll do."

"How," replied the burgomaster, haughtily, "you dare to order me."

"I tell you to order that man down stairs, or something dreadful will happen."

"Dagobert, Dagobert," cried the orphans, "Oh be calm, be calm!"

"It becomes you, indeed, miserable vagabond," said the burgomaster, in fury, "to give orders here; you thought you could palm upon me for truth the story of your lost papers; and that you had brought those girls, who, notwithstanding their innocent appearance, might be nothing more than—"

"Wretch," cried Dagobert, casting a fierce look at the burgomaster; then taking the orphans by the arm he led them into their room, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and rushed up to the burgomaster, who started back, holding by the staircase.

"Listen, sir," said the soldier, seizing the burgomaster by the arm. "Whilst that miserable wretch insulted me I bore everything. A few minutes ago, I listened patiently to lies and idle stories, because I thought you were interested in these unfortunate children; but since you have neither heart, nor pity, nor justice, I warn you, burgomaster though you are, that I shall treat you as I did that dog there (pointing to Morok) if you do not speak of those orphans as you would of your own children—"

"How," muttered the burgomaster, choking with rage, "you say if I speak of those two adventurers—"

"Hats off when speaking of the daughters of Marshal Duke of Ligny," cried the soldier, snatching the hat from the head of the burgomaster, and dashing it at his feet.

Morok was pleased at this aggression, while the burgomaster seemed bewildered. Dagobert plainly foresaw that there was now no chance of reconciliation; he looked hastily round him, and perceiving a door half-open opposite the room where the orphans were, he rushed upon the burgomaster, seized him by the throat, and before he had time to utter a word, he thrust him so forcibly against the door that he rolled into the middle of the room, which was totally dark. Then turning to Morok, who was trying to escape, he caught him by the hair of his head, drew him to him, clutched him in his iron grasp, put his hand upon his mouth to stifle his cries, and, in spite of the prophet's desperate resistance, he dragged him into the middle of the room, and left him with the bewildered burgomaster.

After having locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, Dagobert rushed down stairs, found the door of the inn shut, the rain pouring down in torrents, and saw, by the light of the fire, the innkeeper and his men waiting to hear the decision of the burgomaster. To bolt the door, and thereby intercept all communication with the court, was, for the soldier, the work of a moment, and in another second he was in the room with the orphans. By that time Morok, recovered from the sudden attack, was calling out for help with all his might, but the pelting of the rain, and the rustling of the wind, stifled his cries. Dagobert thus had nearly half an hour to himself.

"My children," the old soldier said, on entering, "now is the time to prove whether you have a soldier's blood in your veins." He then ran to the bed, tied the blankets together, fastened one end to the window, dropped over the other which reached the ground; took the children's pelisse and his own bag, threw them out of the window, and making a sign to Rabat Joie, which the faithful animal understood well, it with one bound disappeared after them. Rose and Blanche half stupified, looked at Dagobert, without uttering a word—"

"Now, my little ones," the old soldier said, "the doors of the inn are locked—then pointing to the window he added, "courage—courage. If we do not make our escape we shall be arrested, put into prison—you in one place, and I in another. They have killed Jovial, so that we must try to go on foot to Leipsic. When you are tired I shall carry you in turns. We will meet with somebody on the road who will take pity and give you something to eat. A quarter of an hour's delay may spoil all—come, my children, trust in me, and show your Dagobert that the daughters of General Simon are not cowards—there is still hope left for us."

The sisters taking each other by the hand, their faces pale from their recent emotion, looked affectionately at the devoted soldier.

"To the road," Dagobert said; "you are as light as feathers, the blankets are strong, and we are only eight feet from the ground. Rabat Joie is waiting for you."

Rose, after having kissed Blanche, ran to the window, took hold of the blanket, and, with the assistance of Dagobert, alighted safely by the side of Rabat Joie. Blanche, with equal courage, followed the example of her sister.

"Poor little things," Dagobert said, despairingly; "what have they done to merit such hardships? It seems as if there was a curse upon this ill-fated family."

A quarter of an hour after Dagobert and the young girls had left the inn, a violent crash was heard. The door had given way to the efforts of Morok and the burgomaster, who had made use of an old heavy table as a battering ram. Guided by the light they ran to the orphan's room. Morok, seeing the clothes hanging from the

window, shouted, "Your worship, they have escaped by the window. They are on foot, and as the night is stormy, cannot have proceeded far. We are sure to catch them."

"Miserable scoundrel," cried the burgomaster, "I shall be revenged. Quick, Morok, our honour is concerned in this affair."

"Aye, there is more than that, your worship," Morok replied. He then hurried down stairs, and opening the door which led into the yard, shouted out,

"Goliah, let the dogs loose; and you, my worthy host, get lanterns and torches; arm your servants, unbar the doors, and fly after the fugitives. They cannot escape. We must have them dead or alive."

*(To be continued.)*

---

## PIETY, GOSSIP, AND TIPLING.

Herr Von J. H. Blasius, a German professor, has just given to the world a narrative of his travels in European Russia. Much as we have lately read on the subject, the remarks of this intelligent foreigner, cannot be other than acceptable. The picture he gives of the religious observances of the Russians, mixed up as they are with ordinary worldly matters, is not a little striking. His visit to St. Cyril, who, towards the close of the fourteenth century, withdrew from the haunts of men to live in solitude, and founded a convent, discreetly enjoining the pious while attending divine service to abstain from spirituous liquors, is full of interest. Having on Sunday attended divine service, our traveller obtains the courteous services of an abbot.

He was a man of about fifty, a strong and almost rustic figure, with a face of ruddy brown, and an uncommon openness and ease in his expression and manners. He first led us to the original dwelling-place of the holy Cyril, a miserable, log block-hut, in which a man could hardly stand upright. Though it is only distinguished from other block-huts by its wretchedness, no antiquarian will deny it the date of 1398, if only it can be proved that pine-wood would endure so long. There stood the cross which the holy man bore, and the cup from which he drank hangs by an old chain close by the holy fountain. He showed us, too, the other articles of furniture belonging to the saint, and remarked, 'These are not for us, for the present generation! We go about decked with gold and gems; but that is all right, for we are no saints like the great Cyril.' We were next led into the principal church. From the floor to the roof it is covered with rich decorations—gold, silver, precious stones, and saintly figures. Among the last, the legends of the founder occupy the largest space. Here he is represented feeding the poor, healing the sick, and sheltering the destitute. Several of these figures are certainly of ancient date, and yet it would not be easy to discriminate between them and those of modern days, as all the monastic painters adhere closely to the style and colouring of the originals, imitating the brown shades cast by time over the hands and faces of the old pictures. Almost every monk and every nun in Russia paints, and all labour to produce the same saints in the same situations. The abbot showed us the rich coffin of gold and silver wherein rest the earthly remains of the saint, to this day efficacious in wonder-working, of which a pale young monk told us many striking instances. We saw the saint's coarse garments, his bag, his sheepskin, and the chain he wore for a girdle, which looks just like a chain of the nineteenth century. He who would doubt of the authenticity of these relics must be ignorant of the truth that the genuine relics are those that have the living idea connected with them. Before this coffin that greatest of tyrants, Ivan, the Cruel, fell down on his knees, and here he longed, amid the corpses of those whom he had persecuted and murdered, to end his days as a pious monk. We next glanced through the armoury, which has been despoiled of many of its trophies, but is still rich in old weapons, axes, halberts, swords of various patterns, and shirts of mail. The convent library once possessed many manuscripts of historical importance, but most of them have been scattered. Even the founder of the institution played some part in literature, and the convent seems to have been once friendly towards letters, though its inmates were so strictly warned to beware of philosophy. The abbot, however, seemed to be but little attached to literature. He handed us an old Russian manuscript, but, unfortunately, he placed it before us in an inverted position, which the young monk, slightly blushing, rectified. The abbot then accompanied us to the convent wall, and took leave of us with his benediction and pious wishes. Next, the town-church attracted us by its neat and cheerful aspect. At its entrance we found an old white-headed

man standing, with withered face, hollow eyes, and an almost spectral expression. He was the founder of the church. He had retired from business with half a million, had built this church, and now found his greatest pleasure in performing the sexton's duties, and guarding his own burial-place; which, against law and precedent, was allotted to him inside the church. This seemed to me a religious turn of mind, recalling the middle ages, and beloging to the East; but the Greek church affords many striking instances of it. Yet the first admiration of such apparent piety is liable to correction, by a second thought, on the numerous similar actions which have arisen out of the alarms of conscience; and Russia has had many examples of such piety. What ruler ever exceeded the enormities of Ivan the Cruel, and yet who cast himself more obediently to the dust before offended Heaven! who built more churches and convents than this reproach of humanity! The religious ideas of the Greek church, which place all the value of piety in the strict fulfilment of the prescribed external ceremonies, favour such delusions. Well may the Greek worship be styled 'performing service,' for it is, indeed, a real religious toil. One would think that its law must be, 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou gain food from Heaven.' The whole congregation is in perpetual motion, crossing, kneeling, prostrating themselves until their foreheads touch the floor. For these purposes the interior of the church is quite open, and unencumbered with seats. Meanwhile, the pope (a secular priest) mechanically reads a sermon or recites the liturgy. The first view of such a service is the most favourable, for afterwards it is anything but edifying to see how the people go through their religious exercises, as if doing a sum in addition, not only counting their kneelings and prostrations, but measuring the angles of their devout postures, and estimating the length of the crosses they make; else how could they, in the intervals of their performances of this kind, chatter carelessly with their neighbours till the paroxysm comes upon them again? The women are great proficients in the work, for they contrive to carry on the pious process of kneeling and crossing while gratifying their love of gossip and observation at the same time."

At Usitug Velekoi he had another opportunity of witnessing the doings of the clergy, and the manner in which they are treated. The benevolent, though undesired, attentions of which he was the object, are amusing. It seems the custom for the ministers, at certain times, to perform domestic worship with their followers.

"The pope, or secular priest, at such times, comes with some of his subordinates, bearing saintly images and the crucifix, and sings mass in the house. Whoever desires to be known for piety, or feels the need of such offices, can, for a small sum, call in the help of the clergy at any time. Our landlord, in whose house I was very ill, had no high reputation for fair dealing among his neighbours. A portrait of him, in my chamber, was written all over with his characteristics, and not one good one could be found among them. Yet he was famous for the employment which he afforded to the clergy, often requiring their services more than once in the week. As I lay, half conscious with feverish fantasy, I heard a strange monotonous singing constantly in my ears, day and night; at last I seemed to hear it more distinctly, and suddenly awoke from my reverie. Close by my bed stood a tall athletic figure, with a rosy face, a long flaxen beard, and long hair hanging about his shoulders. Over my bed hung a picture of the Virgin, beaming with gold and silver, with folded hands and eyes upraised to Heaven. In the same attitude stood the pope beside me, unceasingly repeating his formulary, 'Gospodin pomilui!' I soon discovered that he was in haste to despatch me to Heaven. Though I could not judge how far this kindness might be necessary, I felt moved by this instanee of benevolence and toleration. I called for some persons in the next apartment to tell the saintly man that I was a heretic, and did not mean to die just then; but he would not be hindered in his kind purpose towards a sick heretic, so before he left me he blessed me thrice, made a cross over me, and, as he went out of the room, cast back a kindly look upon me. To a western European there seems to be a contradiction in the station of the Russian clergy. The priest in his canonical dress, and during the performance of his sacred offices, is in the highest authority. Wherever he appears, all bow before him, cross themselves, and even cast themselves at his feet; but let him only put off his official robes, and he is instantly reduced to a nullity. In the

very same house where he has just performed his sacred functions he will not be even tolerated by the company."

The eagerness with which the Russian peasant seeks strong drink immediately after his devotions are performed, seems to justify the rule laid down by St. Cyrill, that he should not indulge in it during their progress.

"When divine service is over, the peasant goes to the Kabak, and soon drinks himself under the table; and if his priest is not willing to do the same, he is reckoned proud and unsociable, and must be content with the meanest pay for his services. What other sect can boast that, like the Russians at Topperdorfe, near Moscow, they provide Christian burial for unknown strangers and celebrate masses for the souls of men whose names, origin, and creeds, they know nothing of?"

Some of their pious acts provoke a smile. The Russians, he says, "whenever they see a church or a church-spire, near or distant, stop to uncover their heads and cross themselves. The dimensions of the crosses they make vary with their stations, decreasing in proportion to their respectability; and I have seen gentlemen make their tiny crosses under the cover of arranging their cravats."

The peasant not merely seeks liquor after going to church, but drinks to excess. What follows? the strange exhibitions of tippling and honesty, and last, not least, the wife-market, are eminently calculated to gratify the curious. We read:—

"At every festival, the natural course of the people is from mass to the Kabak. At the door the peasant counts his cash, reckons how much he can afford to drink, and takes his dose at one deep draught. The effect is speedy, and, as the Kabak cannot accommodate many, the drunkards are carried into the street to lie there until they recover their senses. On the morning after a festival, the roads are strewn with drunken sleeping men, and no one notices the customary scene. This drunken disposition extends to the women as well as the men. Of course, the Kabak keepers are prosperous people; and if, in any poor little town, you meet a female dressed in silk or satin, you may be sure it is the landlady. The brandy is often adulterated, though the apothecaries have authority to examine it from time to time; but the landlord of the Kabak takes care to supply the appointed inspector with liquor sent to his own house so liberally, that he has ample opportunity to test its qualities, by experiments upon his own person, without the trouble of going to the shop. The honesty of the peasantry is remarkable: no one in Ustiug can remember when a peasant was convicted of theft. Of this honesty we have a proof just opposite our house, where a market-maiden, who keeps a stall, sits regularly, totally drunk, one afternoon in every week. Her customers take what they want from the stall, and pay down the proper money, so that she loses nothing during her sleep. Many of the customs of the people here have an originality which has long since vanished from the interior of Russia. Among other customs of this kind, the young maidens who are willing to find husbands come to a *bride-show* in Ustiug at certain seasons, bringing their dowries with them: they travel in carts or in boats, and exhibit themselves, with all their treasures, in the market-place. The marriageable young men proceed to the exhibition, and choose, according to the weight of the dowry and their personal inclinations, their brides at first sight. These willing wives, as they generally come from the country by the Jug and Suchona rivers, are here denominated the "Upswimmers."

## PIG KILLING AND ANIMAL BLESSING AT ROME.

Mr. Waterton, the translator and eminent crocodile writer, has published a second series of "Essays on Natural History." This volume he tells us is "an unsolicited donation to the widow of his departed friend, Mr. Loudon." It mentions many entertaining facts connected with a journey or pilgrimage which the author made to Rome. One graphic sketch we transcribe.

"As you enter Rome at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right, is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy, for an extensive plain, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four

men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hog, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of the victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the mean time, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; and the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams."

The formal blessing of beasts of burden is equally striking.

"The day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilirating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place. When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them; and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close. As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English gentleman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly. 'If it be folly,' said I, in answer to his remark, 'to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on setting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, do not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman, if present? "Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domino!" Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it?—"Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts!"

---

## THE NOBLE HOUSE OF THANET.

*Arms.*—Sa., an eagle, displayed, erm., within a bordure, ar.
*Crest.*—A sea lion, sejant, ar.
*Supporters.*—Two eagles' wings endorsed, erm.
*Motioes.* — *Fiel pero desdichado.* — *Ales volat propriis.*—"Faithful, though unfortunate." "The bird flies to his own."

The surname of this family was originally written Toketon, and derived from a place so called in Kent, of which its remote ancestors were feudal lords.

Their descendant, Nicholas Tufton, of Northyam, in the county of Sussex, married Margaret, daughter and heiress of John Heaver, of Cranbrook, in Kent. Dying December 31, 1538, he was succeeded by his son, Sir John Tufton, knight, of Hothfield, high sheriff in the eighteenth of Elizabeth. He was created a baronet, June 19, 1611. Sir John married Olympia, daughter and heiress of Christopher Blower, esquire, of Sileborn, in Kent, and had three daughters, Anne, Elizabeth, and Margaret. By a second marriage, he had six sons and four daughters. On his death, in 1624, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Nicholas, who was one of the gentlemen that met king James I at Newcastle-

upon-Tyne on his coming into England. From that monarch he received the honour of knighthood, April 13, 1603. On the first of November, 1626, he was raised to the peerage, under the title of baron Tufton, of Tufton, in the county of Sussex, and created earl of Thanet, August 5, 1628. He married lady Francis, daughter of the first earl of Exeter, and had issue by her one son and three daughters. John, the son, succeeded to the title on his lordship's decease, July 1, 1632. This nobleman, in April, 1629, married lady Margaret Saville, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Richard, earl of Dorset, by Anne, baroness Clifford, only daughter and heiress of George, earl of Cumberland. By her he had issue Nicholas, John, Richard, Thomas, Sackville, and George; and four daughters. The four first all came in succession to the title. His lordship, John, the second earl, was obliged to compromise for his estate with the sequestrators of the rebel parliament, and paid no less a sum than £9,000, being the greatest compromise in the list of 1654. He died May 6, 1664, and was succeeded by his eldest son. This gentleman had, in 1653, been committed by Cromwell to the Tower. He was soon released, but again sent there, and detained nearly two years. In 1664, he married Elizabeth, second daughter of Richard Boyle, esquire, of Burlington, by whom he had no issue. On the death of his mother, in 1678, he inherited the barony of Clifford; on the twenty-fourth of November, in the following year, he died, and was succeeded by his brother John, who died unmarried, April 27, 1680, when Richard, the third brother, became the wearer of the title. From him, in like manner, on his dying unmarried, it devolved upon his brother Thomas, who, in 1684, married Catherine Cavendish, daughter and co-heiress of Henry, duke of Newcastle, by whom he had three sons, who died in their infancy; and four daughters, his co-heirs. These were Catherine, Anne, Margaret Mary, and Isabella. He claimed the baronies of Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesey, in right of inheritance from his grand-mother, and that of Clifford was confirmed to him by the House of Lords, December 12, 1691, when he assumed the additional title of qaron Clifford, which barony, at his decease, in 1729, fell into abeyance between his daughters and co-heirs, and so continued till 1731, when the crown interposed to give it to Margaret, countess of Leicester, his lordship's third daughter. On her dying without issue, in 1775, it relapsed into abeyance between the sisters, which was again terminated by the crown, in favour of Edward Southwell, who had married Catherine, the daughter of his lordship's eldest daughter. The earl of Thanet's other honours went to his nephew Thomas, the sixth earl, who succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle. He married, in 1722, lady Mary Savill, youngest daughter and co-heiress of William, marquis of Halifax, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The son, Sackville, on his father's death, succeeded him. By his wife, Mary, daughter of lord John Sackville, and granddaughter of Lionel, first duke of Dorset, and sister of John Frederick, the third duke, he had three sons, and two daughters: he died April 10, 1786. His eldest son, Sackville, succeeded him, and on his decease, without issue, in 1825, the title then came to his brother Charles. He remained unmarried, and departed this life April 20, 1832, when it descended to the third and only surviving brother, Henry Tufton, the present earl, who was born January 2, 1775.

---

## HISTORY OF ROME.

### By Punch a la Romaine.

WITH SEVERAL NEW FACTS FROM ONE OF THE LOST SIBYLLINE BOOKS.

### CHAPTER III.—ROMULUS AND NUMA.

The Sabines would have made the best of their forced bargain, seeing that bloodshed was not likely to mend the matter; seeing also that a wholesale divorce would have been not less an evil than the unexpected wholesale marriage of the two nations; seeing also that the daughters of Cures being thus comfortably settled, promised to save all manœuvring mothers much trouble in match-making: but some exceedingly kind friends at length convinced them that they must have satisfaction. Accordingly, the Sabine towns, one after another, entered the field, and one after another came, saw, and were conquered; the generous Romans punishing them no farther than by colonising their kingdoms and eating up their corn. But last, not least, Tatius, king of Cures, with an army of 25,000 Sabines, succeeded in obtaining an entrance into the city, be-

ing treacherously admitted by an unfair member of the fair sex, rushed upon Romulus like twenty-five "thousand of bricks," and would have gained the day had not the lately married Sabine women stept in and spoilt all the fun. It was agreed that Romulus and Tatius should divide the crown, which was divided horizontally accordingly, Romulus securing the brim; that the Sabines should send one hundred representatives to parliament; and that the Romans should be called Quirites, which does not, as might be presumed, signify queer customers, but was a memento that they had been a little cured of fighting by Cures. By the union, also, the Sabines were to suffer none of the disabilities of aliens or Sabine Catholics. The union, however, was soon after repealed by the death of Tatius (killed, of course), and Romulus recovered the Sabine half-crown, which was again soldered to the Roman one.

Romulus now began to assume great airs. Like the Charles's and James's of former times, and the king Whigs and king Tories in these days of Commonocracy, he began to legislate not so much for the people as for himself, passing bills for the nonce to repeal that part of the laws which he had broken, and making the same law more stringent upon his fellow thimble-riggers. Accordingly, a Young Rome party was got up in opposition, and one fine morning, poor Romulus *non est inventus*. However, the new party made ample amends for burking him, for scarcely was the breath out of his body, when he was unanimously elevated to the House of Gods under the title of Quirinus; and more oxen were presented to him as a god, than he had ever eaten beefsteaks when a monarch.

As there happened to be no Cromwell amongst the Young Rome party, the House of Lords played the king in turns, at the rate of a king a week. But this sort of hebdomadal monarchy did not suit the sober Romans, who thought that a pack of kings was as bad as a pack of knaves, and that all trumps were just like no trumps at all, or like a plum pudding without paste. They therefore presented a petition to the Lords for one king, even if it should be a king Log; and strange to say, their petition was not thrown under the table, but actually granted, and Numa Pompilius, a Sabine, was elected to the throne.

Numa was a thorough humbug: not a single battle in all his reign; no colonies taken from their natural enemies, their neighbours; no plundering of villages; no prize money; no monster agitation; no nothing. Indeed, what could be expected from a king whose education totally precluded anything like the possession of royal or noble sentiments. Instead of fighting like a gentleman, his whole life had been spent in studying political economy and moral philosophy, mathematics, physics, the languages, and the science of legislation; and what is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh. Accordingly, when he came to the throne, he was more fit for a paltry professorship, or to edit a Quarterly Review; instead of entertaining dukes, and field-marshals, and lieutenant-colonels, his table was surrounded by the Dickenses, and Hugos, and Wordsworths, and Aragos of the day, and though such a man as Louis Philippe or the king of Saxony would have been hailed as a brother, he would have thought no more of an emperor of all the Russias, or of his diamond snuff-boxes, than of the boy Joinville. He was very intimate with a lady of the name of Egeria, who is described as a perfect Mrs. Somerville, and from whom he professed to learn the connexion of the sciences. For our part, we believe he was no better than he should be, and that he was herein guilty of an infringement of that bulwark of the constitution, the Royal Marriage Act, which so severely guarantees the hereditary descent of royal wisdom. The various petty states which surrounded the Roman centre at that time, were ready at the least spark to break out into a flame of fighting and rebellion. Here was an opportunity for a magnificent war to support the balance of power! But this philosopher set about reconciling their squabbles, instead of taking advantage of them; and when the Sabine part of the kingdom was calling out for a repeal of the union, instead of sending soldiers to stop their mouths, like a poltroon he redressed their grievances, built them schools and churches, compelled the two nations to respect one another's prejudices; divided the conquered lands, not into baronies of 30,000 acres, so as to give due encouragement to the building of castles and palaces, and to impart a dignity to the landed interest; nor yet into small allotments, to create the necessary class of cotters, to diversify society: but into moderate farms, with fixity of tenure, so that in-

stead of the glories of war, nothing was thought of but the mean pursuits of peace and agriculture; instead of the balance of power, the balance of production and distribution; and, inverting the natural order of things, this pedant inculcated the rights of labour and the duties of property, as if labour had any rights but to obey the law, or property any duties but to enforce its rights.

Thus, having reigned forty-three years in ignoble peace, even in death he acted in opposition to the ancient wisdom of his ancestors, ordering himself to be buried in a stone coffin, and his works (proh pudor! a king's works!), consisting of twenty-four volumes crown folio, to be buried by his side in another. Much good his library would do him there!

Long may it be before the practical John Bull submit to be governed by such theoretical liberals as Numa Pompilius! Such quacks as these it is, who in our own days would substitute vulgar science and industry for that heaven-born invention, the sliding scale; who would limit the expansion of the currency, not by the substantial ingots of Mr. Cotton's bank, but by the national property; and who would overwhelm the roast beef of old England and its glorious constitution in a common annihilation!

*Questions for Examination.*

1. Did the Sabines obtain "satisfaction?"
2. What were the terms of the Act of Union?
3. Did Romulus now play fantastic tricks before high heaven! and did not some Coningsby give it him?
4. Under what title was he elevated to the House of Gods?
5. Was "Young Rome" a Cromwell or a Peter Borthwick?
6. What sort of a Joint Stock King Co. did the House of Lords make?
7. Was Numa Pompilius worth his meat?
8. Did he believe in Jeremy Bentham?
9. Who was his Princess Frederick Augustus?
10. What havoc would Numa have made on the Corn Laws and the currency?
11. Erect a parallel at right angles between Numa Pompilius and Sir James Graham.
12. What would John Bull think of such heroes as Numa Pompilius?

---

## ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

### CHAPTER XXII.—POLITICAL CLUBS.

When every man—even the petty tradesman—felt as deep an interest in the state questions of the day as the prime minister himself, and devoted the greater portion of his time to a strict attendance at the coffee-house, it was not to be wondered at that clubs and societies should be formed for the discussion of politics. The "Jacobite Club," which had for its object the restoration of the exiled Stuart family to the throne, the "London Corresponding Society," whose motto, "United for a Reform of Parliament," sufficiently expresses its intentions, and the "Constitutional Society," advocating the cause of the revolted colonies of America, were the principal political clubs of the eighteenth century. Such assemblies, being contrary to law, were always held stealthily—generally in the garrets of mean and miserable houses, to which no suspicion was likely to attach; and, in these apartments, the malcontents, at whose head a lord or a baronet was usually to be found, were accustomed to assemble to consider some intricate political subject, or to concert a plan for the subversion of the government.

Whilst thus engaged their debates were occasionally disturbed by the entrance of a band of soldiers, and then physical took the place of moral force. The most elaborate arguments were at once upset—so were the chair and tables—and frequently he who had been the loudest in expressing his determination to "die in the field," or "shed the last drop of blood for his country," was was the first to scramble through the trap-door and escape upon the house-top, while those who were less valorous in their professions, gallantly disputed every inch of ground.

Such exalted models, of course, had many smaller imitators, and scarcely was an apprentice or a shop-boy to be found in London, who did not attend his debating society (or as it was vulgarly called, his "spouting club"), regularly every evening, "to arrange matters of the greatest importance to the nation," to prove offences of omission and commission against the ministry, and to show how dead the people were to their own interests in not delivering the management of their affairs into the hands of the aforesaid apprentices and shop boys.

On the whole, the eighteenth century was the age of clubs—political, literary, and social. The "Kit-Kat," and the "Beef-steak" clubs, the "Johnson," and the "Apollo," as well as the taverns and coffee-houses at which they assembled, have been celebrated by their connexion with the most eminent characters of their day. At one, Garrick listened with rapture to the conversation of his brother wits; at another, Johnson grumbled forth his philosophy, whilst the obsequious Boswell directed the attention of the company, in an under tone, to some peculiar observation of his Magnus Apollo. At this, Goldsmith enjoyed a few hours when he could steal out and escape from the vigilance of his bailiffs; at that, Foote was the "lion" of the evening. Dean Swift and Laurence Sterne, Fielding and Smollett, Colman and Sheridan, each was indebted to his club for many hours of amusement, and from the diversity of character which it presented, they drew those admirable sketches of human life which render their works such correct delineations of men and manners, their virtues and their vices. It was at these clubs, too, that the timid author, who had just obtained an introduction to the Muses and the literary world, ventured nervously to read his first tragedy or early poem, and received the praise or condemnation of the critics.

They were social assemblies, too, where the wise and the learned met together, and profited by each other's remarks. Sacred must have been that box to the Muses, and barbarous must have been the hands that destroyed it, in which Addison and his talented companions sipped their coffee, and wrote their essays, and the rays of whose genius from that humble corner of Button's coffee-house diffused themselves over the entire country, shedding the light of knowledge through the length and breadth of the land, and glaring so brightly that vice sunk before them as their brilliancy exposed its hideousness to the world.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS.

Shame on the Reform Bill that put an end to rotten boroughs, and *threatened* to put an end to bribery and treating! Shame on these degenerate days when voters are allowed to exercise their elective franchise, and to send their representatives to Parliament, without having first become drunk on the bounty of the candidates! "Ah," say the old, with a sigh to the memory of bygone days, and for the wickedness of the present, "Ah, I can remember when it was very different, and when a conscientious voter always received his reward"—when a comfortable sinecure in the customs, or a lucrative situation "under government," were the sure remunerations for a vote in favour of the ministerial candidate.

Hogarth, in his "election" prints, has given us as correct a representation of the manner in which such affairs were managed in the last century as it is possible to conceive. First, came "the Feast," at which the constituency was regaled at the candidate's expense, and at which the aspirant to a seat in Parliament, who, before he solicited their suffrages, was too proud to notice the best of them, now condescended to preside, and to invite his guests, with smiling face and conciliating voice, to "eat, drink, and be filled"—an invitation which they accepted by filling even to overflowing. Then followed "the canvass," at which consciences were put up to auction like merchandise, and the electors' votes sold to the highest bidder. But at length came "the polling," when the "enlightened" freeholders, on whom the rich candidate's gold had acted with magnetic influence, joined the gaudy procession which was to conduct him to the hustings—and to victory! Lastly, and as a sort of wind-up to the series, came "the chairing," at which the successful candidate was hoisted on the shoulders of his party, and carried through the town amid the shouts of his friends and the hisses of his foes. And then, when this ceremony was over, the fumes of the liquor which flowed like water from the taverns, mounted into the heads of the hostile politicians, until the heavy blows which were dealt in the general combat that ensued, broke a few, and thus allowed them to evaporate.

But in what respect does this picture differ from the scenes which are still attendant on a Parliamentary election? Only that party spirit does not run *quite* so high, or party money *quite* so fast; and that, whereas one house was, in the last century, allowed to form "a borough," and to return its representatives accordingly, a borough of a thousand houses has been disfranchised, and has no voice in the election of the Parlia-

ment. Then, as to the price which was paid for votes: there was nothing exhorbitant even in that; for, when one individual suffrage commanded a seat in the House of Commons, it was of just the same value as are, now-a-days, the votes of an entire borough; and, accordingly, the money which was paid for that alone is now the price of several hundreds. The fact is the market is full, and the commodity is depreciated in value: but the same amount of capital has been, in recent instances, expended in the purchase of a representative seat, as was paid for the same distinction in the eighteenth century. But I am trespassing upon proscribed ground; I did not caution my reader that I should introduce a political dissertation, and, consequently, I must not force it on him.

A. Andrews.

---

## HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Two volumes have been published under the above title, professing to give pictures of American life, by Jonathan Slick. It is written in the same gibberish which was served up by Sam Slick. There is some shrewdness in it, but for those who would "hate even Garrick at second hand," we think there will be "something too much" of "this sort of thing." Take as a specimen the picture supplied of a dinner given by a purse-proud republican to Lord Morpeth. Jonathan's cousin Jase wishes to propose a toast:

"It warn't of no use a speaking to him, there he stood a strutting over back, with a glass in his hand, and a singing out, 'Our noble guest, Lord Morpeth!' like all possessed. Every critter at the table, excepting Lord Morpeth and I, jumped up with glasses in their hands, and begun to drink like a patch of seed onions after a six weeks' dry spell; but Lord Morpeth and I sot still and looked as if we didn't know what possessed the critters; but the minit they sot down, up he jumped like a house a fire, and the way he cracked jokes and said smart things made the fire fly from every body's eyes round the table. I swanny! if he didn't take me a'most off the handle, with his consarned sweet voice and harnsome manners. It raly was eenamost as good as a play, to hear him reel out the common sense and soft sodder about this land of liberty and old England. When he sot down, it was as much as I could du to keep from going right up and giving him a hug, if he was a lord. Arter this we mixed in the talk together, like lemon, and sugar, and brandy, in a punch-bowl, as sociable as so many chickens in a coop; till by-am-by, Jase he begun to swell up and talk to Lord Morpeth about the Slicks, and the crouchants, and lions, that belonged to the family coat of arms, as he called it; he gin us all to understand that the Slicks warn't a family to be sneezed at by any of the English lords, and gin out some purty broad hints about a barron-night, and a lord, that gin a start to the name ever so long back in England; then the consarned shote branched out into a sarmon about ancient birth, and pure blood, a running from one generation to another, without being siled by anything low since the Slicks cum to this country, jest after the pilgrims, and a hull lot of of the darndest stuff that ever a trans-hand-cartman thought on. I'd topped off my cider with two or three glasses of hock, the feller called it, and it made me feel dreadful smart, and I felt jest like tackling Jase in his own camp.—'Look a here, cousin Jase,' sez I, 'what on arth do you want to make out that we Slicks are anything but jest what we be, for aint it a darned sight more to our creedit, Yankees as we are and Republicans as we ought to be, to own it at once, that we had to hoe our own row up, and found it a purty tough one? * * It is too bad, you're trying to make out that you're a English big bug, when you can prove yourself as good a nobleman as any that ever lived, by going back to our grandpar, the brave old shoemaker, that swung his lapstone over his shoulder when the revolution broke out, and jined the patriots when their struggle was as dark as the grave. The old man never gave way once, but fought like a lion when fighting was to be done. He clung to his companions in good and bad luck, and though he fought, and marched, and suffered with the toughest of 'em, never once gin out or got discouraged, but arter a long day's march would unsling his lapstone, take out his rusty tools, and hammer and stitch away half the night long, to make up shoes for his tired and sore-footed feller-soldiers, whenever he could find a scrap of sole leather or a piece of cow-skin to make up!'—I was going on, but Lord Morpeth he got up, and sez he, 'Let us drink to the memory of Mr. Slick's ancestor, the 'brave shoe-

maker.' '—Jase look'd sort of ugly about what I'd said—but I couldn't help that, and when Lord Morpeth jined in, the hull biling on us got up, and another squad of wine-glasses was put into action. When the rest had sot down, I felt as if I couldn't break off so, but I thought it wouldn't do no harm to give 'em a short specimen of Weathersfield chin music, seeing as there was a lord to hear me.—' Now,' sez I, ' it's of no use denying that we Yankees do think a good deal of noble birth and pure blood, and all them ere things that the English have boosted up their throne with so many hundred years.' "

---

## A QUARTER OF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

The following sketch is abridged from the *Citizen*, a Dublin periodical, as told by a young lawyer, who had been *forced* to become a *volunteer* in the French service :—

"On entering the circle of Swabia, Moreau published an order of the day, expressly prohibiting, under penalty of death, all ' generals of division, quartermasters,' &c., from levying the slightest contribution of any kind, on any pretext whatever. Our division, commanded by General X— (he is gone to his account; I shall use a fictitious initial, from respect to his family), occupied Memingen, a town, or rather small city, grown rich by trade. We were in extreme want of almost everything—money, provisions, and baggage. The general sent for his quarter-master (Paulmier), who had been long attached to the army in that capacity; and, after a few words of conversation on the position of affairs, told him, that it would be absolutely necessary, seeing the urgency of the case, to raise a contribution on the inhabitants. Paulmier spoke of superior orders. The general insisted. ' This state of things cannot last,' he said; ' the soldiers are murmuring; they must have bread; besides, what have you to fear? If there be danger, I will share it with you—I will take the whole on myself; so you have nothing to do but simply give your signature.' Paulmier gave it. The requisition stated, in the usual terms, that ' *vu l'urgence*' it was ordered and enjoined to the mayor and authorities of the mayor and authorities of the town of Memingen, to supply with the briefest delay, to the corps under command of General X—, to the amount of five hundred head of cattle, such a sum of money, so many team of waggon horses, &c. The demands were complied with.

"Cited before a court-martial, on the grounds of disobedience and contempt of orders, quarter-master Paulmier gave his testimony in full, stating the facts precisely as already mentioned. Several other witnesses were examined, among them the mayor, Meinheer Gaflaxen. I can never forget either the name or the appearance of this worthy old man, nor his look of venerable anguish, when he discovered the awful position in which the prisoner stood, and how much his deposition had tended to make that position hopeless. He affirmed, as well on behalf of himself, as of his colleagues in office, that he had acted solely and exclusively according to the letter of the instructions contained in a document bearing the signature of Paulmier, which he identified among the papers of the *procédure*.

"As soon as the whole of the witnesses on the list of court had been heard, I stood up (knowing that I had been for a long while occupied in legal pursuits, they had made choice of me to fill the function of judge-advocate), and after having shortly, and in the manner I thought most likely to prove favourable to the accused, grounded my conclusions, I submitted, ' that the court, not finding itself sufficiently informed as to the facts, should adjourn to a future day; and, ordering the prisoner to be kept in safe custody, invite the general commanding, M. X—, to appear in court as soon as possible, there to give an explanation of the facts relating to him in the matter.' The words had scarcely passed my lips, when the president, starting from his seat, cried out warmly, in a loud voice, ' Sir, you don't know what you are saying.' Nettled as I was, I replied with temper that I persisted in my conclusions, ' and with so much the more perfect feeling of conviction,' I added, addressing the other members of the court, ' that I have observed on the face of the material document in the cause, evident marks of an erased signature, which, in my soul, I believe to be that of General X——.' These men carried forward by the sway of their luminary of a president, then high in favour and power, did not listen to me, and retired to deliberate on the sentence, scarcely even going through

the formality of having my objections minuted.

"In less than three-quarters of an hour, they returned with it. I recollect the precise terms of this decree of iniquity, but will not trouble you with repeating them. It is sufficient to say, that the sentence was death, and execution to take place within twenty-four hours. The voice of our startling hero of a president did, could not but, falter a little as he read '*the decree.*'

"The following morning, at break of day, Paulmier was led out to death. The drum beat to arms. The division, drawn up in two files, took its position on the '*Place d'armes.*' I had seen many die guilty; I wished to see how one would die innocent. I got up. It was a dreadful day; hail, rain, thunder, in turns; the sky appeared at intervals literally on fire. It was with difficulty I could at first discern the bared head of the victim, and his face drenched and beaten by the storm. He advanced slowly through the ranks, took his place, standing in an attitude of calm resignation; fixed a serenely steady look on the fatal platoon of veterans in front; laid his right hand over his heart, and fell almost instantly. Such was the effect of the thunder shower, that only five or six muskets went off. They were enough.

"Scarcely fifteen minutes had elapsed, when his wretched wife came, rolling herself at my feet, tearing her hair in anguish, harrowing my very soul—she had that moment returned from head-quarters. In her hand was an order to stay the execution, signed 'Moreau'—a quarter of an hour too late!"

## Reviews.

*The Hampton Court Hand Book.*

Now that the fine season has arrived, many hundreds of the industrious classes visit daily the ancient palace of Hampton Court. Last year we gave a detailed account of some of the beautiful spots in its vicinity, but the multitudes who, on every bright morning in July, repair thither that they may fully enjoy their holiday, and know what they are looking at, would do well to procure this pretty little hand-book. Besides giving many curious facts, collected from authentic sources, it furnishes a catalogue of the pictures. Its small price will make but an insignificant addition to the expences of the day, and it will amuse going and coming, besides contributing very largely to their gratification while there. It is most liberally embellished, many views of the palace being supplied, drawn by Delamotte and engraved by Gilks. "The archway looking east," which we subjoin, will show that no pains have been spared to render this little publication worth possessing.

## THE MIRROR.

### IN A CENTURY OF HEXASTICKS.

*(Continued from page 62.)*

#### 8. DILLETANTISM.

The connoisseur upon his critic throne,
The landscape in the "Mirror's" medium views,
And softens, so he says, each tint and tone.
To connoiseurs who will his faith refuse.
Even so reflected in *our* "Mirror," who
Owns not new life in Eugene's "Wandering Jew!"

#### 9. LINES AND DOTS.

There is (or was) on Somerset House Wall
A rare congeries of curves and lines,
Which on cylindric mirror made to fall,
And lo! the royal head of Edward shines.
But without cyliader, save pen or chalk,
George Cruikshank has made dots and lines to walk.

#### 10. TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Some folks, by "Mirror" at the window set,
Can all unseen see who 'tis knocks and rings.
And thus prepared, their house in order get,
And can tell Bet to take away "the things."
But we need no such "biting of the thumbs,"
But each friend welcome to our "Mirror" comes.

#### 11. LONDON.

L ondon, the "Mirror" thou of various life,
O f luxury and love, wit, wisdom, wealth,
N or less of folly, avarice, sloth, and strife,
D espair and sorrow, want and guilty stealth,
O for one hour of all thy inward shows,
N o century elsewhere such wisdom knows.

#### 12. MIRROR OF MAGISTRATES.

O'Driscoll, "Mirror" thou of magistrates,
What, because thou didst whip a paltry boy,*
Shall these vile Whigs, whose party spirit mates
The party spleen of Tories, mar thy joy
And glorious triumph? Whip! in name of God.
Who hates the child alone doth spare the rod.

#### 13. ALL IS NOT VANITY.

There is a bright and lovely vanity,
'Tis when, adorned with blushes, the young maid,
Whom Heaven, its very favour mystery,
Hath clothed with beauty and with truth arrayed,
Sees in the "Mirror" her own magic mould,
And weeps for those deformed, decrepid, old.

#### 14. IDEALISM.

And is each thing of sense around which we
May taste, and see, and hear, and smell, and press.
But the Mind mirror's phantasmagory?
A substance sensible, yet substanceless?
And in the dreamer's sense as true and deep?
And life a dream, death shaking us from sleep?

#### 15. AU REVOIR.

As one who in a mirror views himself,
And straight forgets what manner of man he was,
Doubtless our "Mirror's" taken from the shelf.
Perused, restored, forgotten; our wise saws
"And modern instances" obliterated,
Even as to-day, when a new day is dated.

* See *Times* leader of 19th July, 1844.

## The Gatherer.

*Sang Froid.*—At the battle of Salamanca the officers who carried the colours of the 88th Regiment believed them to be shot at by one of the enemy. Lieutenant Moriarty, who carried the regimental colour, called out, "That fellow is aiming at me!" "I am devilish glad to hear you say so," replied Lieutenant D'Arcy, who carried the king's, with much coolness, "for I thought he had me covered." He was not much mistaken, for the ball that killed Murphy, after passing through him, struck the staff of the flag carried by D'Arcy, and carried away the button and part of the strap of his epaulettes.

*Mrs. Pearson.*—A full-length portrait of Lord Chief Justice Denman, painted by Mrs. Charles Pearson, has been presented to the Corporation of London. The portrait is well spoken of, both as a likeness and a work of art.

*Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.*—The somewhat unexpected news has been received from Dr. Wolff, that the unfortunate objects of his mission were really executed. The savage, recognised as the sovereign of Bokhara, avows the act, and states the one to have treated royalty with disrespect, and having turned Mussulman to have afterwards returned to christianity; while the other is accused of falsely representing himself to be an ambassador from England, and of stirring up certain tribes to make war against him.

*German Experiences.*—*The Court Journal* describes a strong sensation to have been created at Heidelberg, by William Howitt's book, and hints that he has attacked some of the German seminaries on the report of an ex-teacher in one of them, who himself is not the most immaculate of men. We have it on good authority, that with a few honorable exceptions, the Germans have ample reason to complain of their English visitors—retired publicans or flashy shop-keepers making holiday, who give themselves intolerable airs, and try to pass for English gentlemen, though from calumniators' ignorance the assumption i eminently ridiculous.

### CORRESPONDENTS.

A notice of Chaucer appeared in a former number of the "Mirror."

"The Trumpeter's Daughter" is pleasantly sketched, but the character of the lady requires softening down. It has evidently been too hastily thrown off, but with some corrections may appear.

"The Sabbath Bells" next week.

All communications to be addressed to be Editor, at the Office, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.